

Death

SOME DAY, somewhere, all alone, you and I must step into the dark. How shall we act when our time comes? Is the end of living a greater adventure? Or is it merely defeat?

One night not long ago, in a Boston hotel, Irvin S. Cobb fought for twelve hours to keep his grip on life. Seven times he slipped down as close to death as a man can go, and live.

He was conscious throughout. He *knew* and *felt* and *thought*; and in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for December he *tells*—an extraordinary fragment of autobiography.

Says MR. COBB:

"I have not set down this account merely through a desire to talk about my own ailment or to glorify in print my own adventure..."

"I think I have a decenter motive. We are all of us going to die. Some may look upon death with indifference, some with a shrinking dread in their souls. Some—and this, I assume, means the majority—in times of health put from them all contemplation of death as a concrete fact; even so,

there must be hours when they speculate upon it as applying to themselves.

"So to all such, I, who have skirted the Valley of the Shadow, say that if my own experience is typical—and it surely must have been—then those among us whose lot it will be to face the finish while still in reasonable possession of our faculties, will face it without fear and without bitterness, without reluctance and without repinings, without sufferings, whether physical or mental; we shall find it, at the last, but a peaceful transition, an eternal change mercifully accomplished."

There are more than a dozen features in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for December, but this, by Irvin S. Cobb is one of the great human documents of our generation.

Other magazines are made *for* us; this magazine is made *of* us. It lives our lives—enlarging our friendships, inspiring our progress, fighting our fears.

Even the fear of Death.

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